

THE
CUNNING-MAN,
A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,
IN TWO ACTS.

As it is performed at the
Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

Originally written and composed by
M. J. J. ROUSSEAU.



DUBLIN:

Printed for J. HOEY, sen. P. WILSON, S. COY,
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and W. COLLES.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

NOTHING but the great reputation of M. Rousseau, and of the following little Drama, would have encouraged the Translator to appear out of his own character before so respectable a tribunal as the Public: but as no production, of the same kind, was ever more admired, or more frequently performed abroad; he was tempted to try its success at home.

The native simplicity and beauty of the original poetry, he could not flatter himself with the hopes of preserving in the translation; especially as it was necessary to adjust English words to melodies already made for a foreign language: and, sometimes, to form them into numbers not very common or natural to our own. However, the *Airs* have been scrupulously preserved from change or mutilation; as the Translator always thought them so pleasing, and so much the music of nature, that the coincidence of the words with the music, would be their greatest recommendation: as they can hardly, indeed, fail to gratify the ear, when sung, however they may displease it, when read.

ADVERTISEMENT.

He hopes, therefore, that the words and the music will be always considered together : with the music he could take but few liberties ; not only because it could not be altered without injury, but because it is known to a considerable number of persons, whose ears would be equally disappointed by the omission of sounds to which they were accustomed, or offended by the intrusion of such as were unexpected.

As to the translation, it is submitted to the Public with that consciousness of its defects, which the Translator feels too forcibly not to wish that the difficulties had been less, or that his abilities had been more equal to the task.

Upon rehearsing the Music, it has been thought necessary to retrench the Second Act, for fear of satiety : for though the Airs and Dances, after the reconciliation of Colin and Phœbe, are by no means inferior to the rest ; yet, as no other business remains to be done after that circumstance than mere festivity, the Editor, with some reluctance, submitted to the omission of such Airs as are printed with inverted commas : however, they will be all published, with the Music, in a few days.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

CUNNINGHAM, MRS. CHAMBERS.

COLLIER, MR. VERNON.

THORPE, MR. ARNOLD.

WILLIAMS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CUNNING-MAN. Mr. CHAMPNESS.

COLIN. Mr. VERNON.

PHOEBE. Mrs. ARNE.

VILLAGERS.



THE
CUNNING-MAN.



ACT I.

*The Theatre represents a rural Scene with the
CUNNING-MAN's House on the Side of a Hill.*

SCENE I.

PHOEBE (*Weeping, and wiping her Eyes
with her Apron.*)

AIR.

LOST is all my peace of mind;
Since my COLIN proves unkind:—

Alas! he's gone for ever.

Ah! since he has learn'd to rove,

Fain would I forget my Love:

Ah me! Ah me! vain is my endeavour.

R E.

R E C I T A T I V E

He lov'd me once—thence flows my pain :

Who then is she has won my swain ?

Some charming Nymph ?——Ah ! simple Fair !

And fear'st thou not my ills to share ?

COLIN for me has ceas'd to burn,

Thou too, ere long, may'st have thy turn——

But why for ever thus complain ?

Since nought can cure my love,

And all augments my pain !

A I R.

Lost is all my peace of mind,

Since my COLIN proves unkind ;

Alas ! he's gone for ever.

R E C I T A T I V E.

I fain would hate him——nay I ought,

Perhaps he loves me still——vain thought !

Why then for ever from me fly,

Whose presence once was all his joy ?

Here lives a CUNNING-MAN, who well

Our future fortune can foretell.

Ah ! there he is——of him I'll know

If Love will always prove my foe.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

CUNNING-MAN and PHOEBE.

PHOEBE (*Telling Money, and hesitating as she approaches the CUNNING-MAN, to whom she gives the Money, which she had been counting and folding in a Paper, during the Prelude.*)

WILL COLIN ne'er be mine again?
Tell me, if death must end my pain?

CUN. MAN.

I read your heart, and his can tell ———

PHOEBE—

O Heav'n! ———

CUN. MAN.

Your grief assuage ———

PHOEBE.

——— Well!

COLIN. ———

CUN.

THE CUNNING-MAN.

CUN. MAN.

To you is false of late——

P HOE BE.

Ah me ! I die !——go on——

CUN. MAN.

And yet,

He always loves you——

P HOE BE.

——What ! What said ye ?——

CUN. MAN.

More artful, but less fair, the lady

Who dwells hard by——

P HOE BE.

——To her he roves ?

CUN. MAN.

But you, I've said, he always loves——

P HOE BE.

THE CUNING-MAN.

11

P H O E B E.

And always flies !—

CUN. MAN.

—On me depend,

I soon the Rover back will send.

COLIN is vain, and fond of dress,

And that has made him love you less :

An outrage, by my art I swear,

His love hereafter shall repair.

P H O E B E.

AIR.

Had I heard each am'rous ditty

Breath'd by sparks about the town,

Ah ! how many spruce and witty

Lovers there I might have won !

Dress'd as fine as any lady,

I should then each day have shone,

Bright and beautiful as May-day,

With rich lace and ribbands on.

Had I heard, &c.

But

THE CUNNING-MAN.

But for love of this Ungrateful,
 I from ev'ry joy could part ;
 Rich attire to me were hateful,
 If it robb'd him of my heart.

Had I heard, &c.

CUN. MAN.

RECITATIVE.

His heart I'll soon restore ;
 Beware you never lose it more ;
 But first, his passion to increase,
 Feign, feign, fair Maid to love him less.

A I R.

If uneasy, Love increases ;
 If contented, sound he sleeps :
 She who with coquettry teazes,
 Fast in chains her shepherd keeps.

P H O E B E.

RECITATIVE.

Resign'd to your advice alone——

CUN. MAN.

With COLIN you must change your tone.

P H O E B E.

PHOEBE.

Though hard the task, I yet will feign
To imitate the fickle swain.

A I R.

I'll tease him and fret him,
And seem to forget him,
I'll try ev'ry art to recover my swain:
Disguising my sorrow,
The airs I will borrow
Of Flirts and Coquettes, whom at heart I disdain.

CUN. MAN.

RECITATIVE.

Be wise, howe'er you fright th' Ingrate,
Nor him too closely imitate.—
My Art now says he'll soon be here;
I'll call you when you may appear.

[Exit PHOEBE.

B

SCENE

SCENE III.

CUNNING-MAN.

Tho' COLIN told me all I know,
 He wonders—I can conjure so—
 And both admire the magick spell,
 By which I find out—what they tell—
 Here comes the Swain—and now I'll try
 To touch his heart with jealousy.

SCENE IV.

CUNNING-MAN and COLIN.

COLIN.

By Love, and your instructions, wife,
 I now, for Phoebe, wealth despise.—
 I pleas'd her once, in habit plain,
 What greater bliss can fin'ry gain?

CUN.

THE CUNNING-MAN.

15

CUN. MAN.

Thou'rt now forgot, so long thou'ft rang'd.

COLIN.

Forgot ! Oh Heaven ! is Phœbe chang'd ?

CUN. MAN.

Did ever woman, young and fair,
For wrongs like hers, revenge forbear ?

COLIN.

AIR.

No, no, my Phœbe will ne'er deceive me,
She will ne'er forget her vows :
For other Shepherd can she leave me ?
Can she be another's spouse ?

CUN. MAN.

RECITATIVE.

No Shepherd's now to you preferr'd,
But 'tis a young, and handsome Lord.

B 2

COLIN.

COLIN.

Who told you so?—

CUN. MAN.

—My art.—

COLIN.

—No doubt,

Your skill all secrets can find out!

Alas! how dearly I shall pay

For being weakly led astray!

Is Phoebe then for ever lost?

CUN. MAN.

By Fortune, Love is often cross'd.

If pretty fellows we must be,

'Tis sometimes at our cost, you see.

COLIN.

Oh! lend your aid!—

CUN. MAN.

—Let me consult

My books—The task is difficult.

[Exit Colin.

[The

THE CUNNING-MAN.

21

Now my crook, and oaken reed,
Shall my only trappings prove :
Bless'd with Phœbe, shall I need
Other treasures than her love ?
Love with love, &c.

What great Lords did ev'ry hour
For my Phœbe fondly sigh !
Yet, in spite of all their pow'r,
They less happy are than I.

Love with love, if but repay'd,
Is there need of other bliss ?
Give me back thy heart, sweet Maid !
Colin has restor'd thee his.

SCENE

SCENE II.

COLIN and PHOEBE.

COLIN.

[*Aside.*]

RECIT. Accompanied.

Ah! here she comes, I tremble at her sight.—
 I'll e'en retreat—she's lost if once I fly.

PHOEBE.

[*Aside.*]

He sees me now—I'm in a dreadful fright!—
 Be still, my heart.—

COLIN.

—I'll e'en my fortune try.

[*Aside.*]

PHOEBE.

I'm nearer got than I at first design'd.

[*Aside.*]

COLIN.

[*Aside.*]

On, on I'll go; there is no retreat, I find—

[*To Phoebe, in a soothing and confused tone of voice.*]

Sweet Phoebe! are you angry, say?

I Colin am—O look this way!

PHOEBE.

P H O E B E.

Me Colin lov'd——Colin was true——
I see not Colin——yet see you.

C O L I N.

My heart has never chang'd——some vile
Enchantment did my sense beguile.
But our sagacious, Cunning-Man,
Has broke the charm——and now, again,
In spite of envy, you will find,
I'm Colin still, and still more kind.

P H O E B E.

I, in my turn, am now pursu'd
By spell, which ne'er can be subdu'd
By Cunning-Man——

C O L I N.

Unhappy me !

P H O E B E.

A youth of greater constancy——

C O L I N.

COLIN:

Ah! death will quickly end my smart,
If Phœbe from her vows depart!

P H O E B E.

Your future cares in vain will prove,
No, Colin, you no more I love.

COLIN.

A I R.

Your love from me's not yet departed,
No, consult first well your breast;
To kill me, were you so hard-hearted,
Would destroy your peace and rest.

P H O E B E.

[*Aside.*] Ah me!—No, by you betray'd. [*To Colin.*
Useless all your cares will prove,
Since Colin now I cease to love.

COLIN.

I'm then undone!—Ah! cruel Maid!
Since 'tis your will that I should die,
For ever I'll the village fly.

[*Going.*]

P H O E B E.

PHOEBE.

Ah, Colin!—

COLIN.

[Returning.

—What?

PHOEBE.

—And wilt thou go?

COLIN.

Must I then feel the double woe,
To lose thy heart, forego thy charms,
And see thee in a rival's arms?

PHOEBE.

DUET.

While I my Colin knew to please,
No other wish I had to name:

COLIN.

I thought my joy could never cease,
While Phæbe own'd a mutual flame.

C

PHEOBE.

P H O E B E.

But, since to me his heart's denied,
 Mine's given to another swain.

COLIN.

Ah! since the gentle knot's untied,
 Does another bliss remain?—
 My dear Phœbe then will leave me!

P H O E B E.

I fear a lover who'll deceive me.

B O T H.

I disengage me in my turn:
 My heart's now in a peaceful state,
 And will, if possible, forget,
 That e'er it did for $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Colin} \\ \text{Phœbe} \end{array} \right\}$ burn.

COLIN.

However great the wealth or pleasure
 Which new engagements would have given;
 Phœbe, I thought, a greater treasure
 Than all the good that's under Heaven.

P H O E B E.

P H O E B E.

Though a young and charming Lord
 Has often woo'd me to his arms ;
COLIN was fondly then preferr'd
 To all his profer'd wealth and charms.

C O L I N.

Ah ! my Phœbe !

P H O E B E.

Ah ! too fickle Swain !
 Must I then love, in spite of all disdain ?

P R E L U D E.

[Colin throws himself at Phœbe's feet ; she reminds him of a ribband in his hat, which had been given him by the lady : Colin throws it away, and Phœbe gives him a more ordinary one, which he receives with transport.]

C O L I N.

D U E T.

Colin now his faith has plighted,
 Nor longer will rove.

C 2

P H O E B E.

P H O E B E.

Phoebe now her heart has plighted,
And constant will prove.

B O T H.

When by Hymen united,
How endless our love!

S C E N E III.

CUNNING-MAN, COLIN, PHOEBE.

C. MAN.

My pow'r has caus'd th' enchantment dire to cease,
And, spight of envy, giv'n your love encrease.

[*They severally offer him a present.*]

C O L I N.

Our thanks by this are ill express'd.

C. MAN. *Receiving with both hands.*

I'm amply paid, if you are blest'd.

A I R.

A I R.

Hastè, hastè ye maidens fair,
 Hastè, hastè ye jocund swains ;
 Assemble here, assemble here,
 And imitate this pair.
 Gay shepherds quit the Plains,
 Fair nymphs from village hastè ;
 Their joy, in tuneful strains,
 Come sing, and learn to taste.

S C E N E IV.

COLIN, PHOEBE, CUNNING-MAN,
 with a company of Villagers, of both sexes.

D A N C E.

CHORUS. [*With the Cunning-Man.*]

Since Colin now has ceas'd to range,
 Let's celebrate the happy change :
 May their home be blest with peace,
 And their love each day encrease !

C 3

CHORUS.

CHORUS. *Without the Cunning-Man.]*

Sing ye nymphs and shepherds the praises,
 Loudly sing of our Cunning-Man:
 A dead passion to life he raises,
 And makes true and happy the swain.

PASTORAL DANCE.

*[The Shepherdesse give a Nofegay to COLIN,
 who immediately presents it to PHOEBE.]*

*[The Shepherds give PHOEBE a Nofegay, who
 in her Turn, gives it to COLIN.]*

COLIN.

AIR.

“ In my cottage obscure,
 “ New evils for ever I share;
 “ Now cold, now heat I endure,
 “ Nor am e’er free from labour and care.
 “ But, if Phoebe’s my bride,
 “ And will all my past follies forgot,
 “ While with her I reside,
 “ A thatch’d *house* will have nought to regret.

From

From the mead or the field,
 If fatigu'd, I return, when 'tis night,
 New life, new vigour, she'll yield,
 New comfort and joy to my sight.

Ere the sun gilds the plains,
 Or reddens the tops of the groves,
 I shall charm all my pains
 By singing with rapture our loves.

C. M. A. N.

We all with zeal must here essay
 To signalize ourselves to-day:
 And since I cannot jump so high as you,
 My part shall be to sing a song that's new.

[Pulls a song out of his pocket, and sings.]

A. I. R.

Sometimes a passion's rais'd by art,
 Sometimes 'tis nature gives the smart;
 Though courtly Lovers well can charm,
 Yet village hearts are still more warm.
 Love is just like April weather,
 Ne'er the same an hour together:
 Froward, fickle, wanton, wild,
 Nothing, nothing but a child.

COLIN.

COLIN.

'Tis but a child, 'tis but a child.

RECITATIVE.

Stay, stay, [*To the Cunning-Man, who is putting
the song in his pocket.*] there other verses are—
And very pretty too I swear.

PHOEBE.

Let's see, let's see—I eager burn,
To sing a Stanza in my turn.

The preceding AIR repeated.

Though here, alone, with nature Love
In simple guise delights to rove ;
In other places, he no less
Affects the borrow'd charms of drefs.

Love is just like April weather,
Ne'er the same an hour together :
Froward, fickle, wanton, wild,
Nothing, nothing but a child.

CHORUS.

'Tis but a child, 'tis but a child.

COLIN.

COLIN.

A cherish'd flame we often see
 Produc'd by ingenuity;
 A fickle heart we oft retain
 By arts conquettish, light and vain,
 Love is just like April, &c.

" PHOEBE.

" Yet Love disposes of us all,
 " At his own fancy's fickle call:
 " Black jealousy he now permits,
 " Now punishes our jealous fits.
 " Love is just like April, &c.

" COLIN.

" From Fair to Fair, while sickly tost,
 " The happy moment's often lost:
 " A Swain quite constant oft will find,
 " He's less belov'd, than one unkind.
 " Love is just like April, &c.

" PHOEBE.

" On Mortals each caprice to prove,
 " Now smiles, now tears awaken love:
 " Rebuff'd—Rebuff'd—[Finds it difficult to read.]

" COLIN.

“ COLIN. [*Who helps her to decypher it.*]

“ Rebuff’d by rigour, far he flies,

“ P H O E B E.

“ By favours weaken’d, faints, and dies.

“ B O T H.

“ Love is just like April weather,

“ Ne’er the same an hour together,

“ Froward, fickle, wanton, wild,

“ Nothing, nothing but a child.

“ C H O R U S.

“ ’Tis but a child, ’tis but a child.

“ P H O E B E.

“ A I R.

“ United with the Swain I love,

“ My life a round of joy will prove ;

“ Of grief we ne’er can feel the sting

“ While thus we laugh and dance and sing.

“ What blessing is life !

“ If ’tis season’d by love

“ No care, no sorrow or strife,

“ Can its joy e’er remove.

“ Thus

" Thus a gentle river flows,
 : " Meand'ring as it goes,
 " Through flow'ry meads which grace its way
 " With all that's fair, and sweet, and gay.
 " United with the Swain I love,
 " My life around of joy will prove ;
 " Of grief we ne'er can feel its sting,
 " While thus we laugh, and dance and sing."

A I R.

Let us now dance with mirth and glee,
 Lasses and lads, beat, beat the ground ;
 Let us now dance, all under this tree,
 To the sweet pipe's enliv'ning sound.

CHORUS [*repeats with her. The
 Villagers dancing at the same time.*]

Let us now dance, &c.

Let us first sing, then dance to each Air,
 And in the joy that all may have part,
 Let each Swain dance with his fav'rite Fair,
 And let each Lass have the Lad of her heart.
 Then let us now dance, &c.
 Though

Though noise and splendour they boast of in town,
More heart-felt enjoyments of festivals crown :

While dance and song,

Our bliss prolong,

And beauty warms,

With artless charms—

What musick e'er with our pipes can compare ?

Then let us all dance with mirth and glee,

Lasses and Lads, beat, beat the ground ;

Let us then dance all under this tree,

To the sweet pipe's enliv'ning sound.

CHORUS
F. I. N. I. S.